THE TRANSLATION OF CERTAINE PSALMES INTO ENGLISH VERSE:

By

THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

Francis

Lo. VERVLAM,

Viscount

S^t. ALBAN.

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LONDON,
Printed for *Hanna Barret*, and *Richard Whittaker*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Kings Head in Pauls Church-yard. 1625.

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TO

HIS VERY GOOD FREND,

Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.

THE paines, that it pleaſed you to take, about ſome of my Writings, I cannot forget: which did put mee in minde, to dedicate to you, this poore Exerciſe of my ſickneſſe. Beſides, it being my manner for Dedications, to chooſe thoſe that I hold moſt fit for the Argument, I thought,

that in respect of Diuinitie, and Poesie, met, (whereof the one is the Matter, the other the Stile of this little Writing) I could (not) make better choice. So, with signification of my Loue and Acknowledgement, I euer rest

Your affectionate Frend,

FR. St ALBAN.

THE TRANSLATION OF The first Psalme.

WHo neuer gaue to wicked read,
A yeelding and attentiue eare:
Who neuer Sinners paths did tread;
Nor sate him downe in Scorners chaire:
But maketh it his whole delight,
On Law of God to meditate,
And therein spendeth day and Night;
That Man is in a happie State.

He shall be like the fruitfull Tree,
Planted along a running Spring,
Which in due season, constantly,
A goodly yeeld of Fruit doth bring,

Whose

Whose leaues continue alwaies greene,
And are no prey to winters power:
So shall that Man not once be seene
Surprized with an euill Hower.

With Wicked Men it is not so,
Their Lot is of another kinde:
All as the Chaffe, which too and fro,
Is tost at Mercie of the winde.
And when he shall in Iudgment plead,
A casting Sentence bide he must:
So shall he not lift vp his Head,
In the Assembly of the Iust.

For why the Lord hath Speciall Eye,
To be the Godlies stay at call:
And hath giuen ouer, righteously,
The wicked Man to take his fall,

The Tranſlation of the 12. Pſalme.

HElpe Lord, for godly Men haue took their flight,
And left the Earth to be the Wicked's Den:
Not one that ſtandeth faſt to Truth and Right,
But feares, or ſeekes to pleaſe, the Eies of Men.
When one with other fall's in talke apart,
Their meaning goeth not with their words in proofe;
But faire they flatter, with a clouen Heart,
By pleaſing words, to worke their owne behoofe.

But God cut off the Lips, that are all ſet,
To trap the harmleſſe Soule, that peace hath vow'd;
And pierce the Tongues, that ſeeke to counterfet
The Confidence of Truth, by lying loud:
Yet ſo they thinke to reigne, and worke their will,
By ſubtill Speech, which enter's euery where:
And ſay, Our Tongues are ours, to helpe vs ſtill,
What need wee any Higher Power to feare?

Now for the bitter ſighing of the poore,
The Lord hath ſaid, I will no more forbeare,

The Wicked's Kingdome to inuade and ſcoure,
And ſet at large the Men reſtrain'd in feare.
And ſure, the Word of God is pure, and fine,
And in the triall neuer looſeth waight;
Like Noble Gold, which ſince it left the Mine,
Hath ſeuen times paſſed through the fiery ſtraight.

And now thou wilt not firſt thy word forſake,
Nor yet the Righteous man, that leanes theretoo;
But will't his ſafe Protection vndertake,
In ſpight of all, their force, and wiles can doe.
And time it is, ô Lord, thou didſt draw nigh,
The Wicked daily doe enlarge their Bands;
And that, which makes them follow ill a vie,
Rule is betaken to vnworthy Hands.

The Tranſlation of the 90. Pſalme.

O Lord, thou art our Home, to whom we fly,
And ſo haſt alwaies beene from Age to Age.
Before the Hills did intercept the Eye,
Or that the Frame was vp of Earthly Stage,

One

One God thou wert, and art, and ſtill ſhalt bee;
The Line of Time, it doth not meaſure thee.

Both Death and Life obey thy holy lore,
And viſit in their turnes, as they are ſent.
A Thouſand yeares with thee, they are no more,
Then yeſterday, which, ere it is, is ſpent:
Or as a watch by night, that courſe doth keepe,
And goes, and comes, vnwares to them that ſleepe.

Thou carrieſt Man away as with a Tide; (high;
Then downe ſwim all his Thoughts, that mounted
Much like a mocking Dreame, that will not bide,
But flies before the ſight of waking Eye;
Or as the Graſſe, that cannot terme obtaine,
To ſee the Summer come about againe.

At Morning, faire it muſters, on the Ground,
At Euen it is cut downe, and laid along:
And though it ſpared were and fauour found,
The wether would performe the Mowers wrong:
Thus haſt thou hang'd our Life on brittle Pins,
To let vs know, it will not beare our Sins.

Thou buriest not within obliuious Tombe
Our Trespasses, but entrest them aright:
Euen those that are conceiu'd in darkenesse Wombe
To thee appeare, as done at broad day light.
As a Tale told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our Life steales to an end.

The Life of Man is threescore yeares and ten,
Or if that he be strong, perhaps fourescore,
Yet all things are but labour to him then,
New sorrowes still come on, Pleasures no more:
Why should there be such turmoile & such strife,
To spin in length this feeble Line of Life?

But who considers duely of thine Ire?
Or doth the thoughts thereof wisely embrace?
For thou, O God, art a consuming Fire,
Fraile Man, how can he stand before thy face?
If thy displeasure thou dost not refraine,
A Moment brings all backe to Dust againe.

Teach vs, O Lord, to number well our Daies,
Thereby our Hearts to wisdome to apply;

For

For that, which guides Man beſt in all his waies,
Is Meditation of Mortality.
This bubble light, this vapour of our Breath,
Teach vs to conſecrate to Howre of Death.

Returne vnto vs Lord, and ballance now
With daies of Ioy, our daies of Miſery;
Helpe vs right ſoone, our knees to thee we bow,
Depending wholy on thy Clemency:
Then ſhall thy Seruants both with heart & voice,
All the daies of their Life, in thee reioyce.

Begin thy worke, O Lord, in this our Age,
Shew it vnto thy Seruants that now liue;
But to our Children raiſe it many a Stage
That all the World to thee may glory giue.
Our Handy worke likewiſe, as fruitfull Tree,
Let it O Lord, bleſſed, not blaſted be.

The Translation of the 104. Psalme.

FAther and King of Powers, both high and low,
Whose sounding Fame all creatures serue to blow;
My Soule shall with the rest strike vp thy praise,
And Caroll of thy workes, and wondrous wayes.
But who can blaze thy Beauties, Lord, aright?
They turne the brittle Beames of mortall sight.
Vpon thy head thou wear'st a glorious Crowne,
All set with vertues, polisht with renowne:
Thence round about a Siluer Vaile doth fall
Of Chrystall Light, Mother of Colours all.
The Compasse heauen smooth without graine, or fold,
All set with Spangs of glitt'ring Stars vntold,
And stript with golden Beames of power vnpent,
Is raised vp for a remouing Tent.
Vaulted and arched are his Chamber Beames,
Vpon the Seas, the Waters, and the streames:
The Clouds as Chariots swift doe scoure the sky;
The stormy winds vpon their wings doe fly.
His Angels Spirits are that wait his Will,
As flames of Fire his anger they fulfill.

In the beginning with a mighty Hand,
He made the Earth by counterpoyſe to ſtand;
Neuer to moue, but to be fixed ſtill;
Yet hath no Pillars but his Sacred Will.
This Earth, as with a vaile, once couered was,
The Waters ouerflowed all the Maſſe:
But vpon his rebuke away they fled,
And then the Hills began to ſhew their Head;
The Vales their hollow Boſomes opened plaine,
The Streames ran trembling down the vales again:
And that the Earth no more might drowned be
He ſet the Sea his Bounds of Liberty;
And though his Waues reſound and beat the ſhore,
Yet is it brideled with his holy lore.
Then did the Riuers ſeeke their proper places,
And found their Heads, their Iſſues, and their races:
The Springs doe feed the Riuers all the way,
And ſo the tribute to the Sea repay:
Running along through many a pleaſant field,
Much fruitfulneſſe vnto the Earth they yeeld:
That know the Beaſts and Cattell feeding by,
Which for to ſlake their Thirſt doe thither hie.
Nay Deſert Grounds the Streames doe not forſake,
But through the vnknowne waies their iourney take:

The Aſſes wilde that bide in Wilderneſſe,
Doe thither come, their Thirſt for to refreſh.
The ſhady Trees along their Bankes doe ſpring,
In which the Birds doe build, and ſit and ſing;
Stroking the gentle Ayre with pleſant notes,
Plaining or Chirping through their warbling throtes.
The higher Grounds where Waters cannot riſe,
By raine and Dewes are watred from the Skies;
Cauſing the Earth put forth the Graſſe for Beaſts,
And garden Herbs, ſeru'd at the greateſt Feaſts;
And Bread that is all Viands Firmament,
And giues a firme and ſolid Nouriſhment;
And Wine Mans Spirits for to recreate;
And Oyle his Face for to exhilarate.
The ſappy Cedars tall like ſtately Towers.
High flying Birds doe harbour in their Bowers:
The holy Storkes that are the Trauellers,
Chooſe for to dwell and build within the Firs:
The climing Goats hang on ſteep Mountaines ſide;
The digging Conies in the Rocks doe bide.
The Moone, ſo conſtant in Inconſtancy,
Doth rule the Monethly ſeaſons orderly:
The Sunne, Eye of the World, doth know his race,
And when to ſhew, and when to hide his face.

Thou

Thou makeſt darkneſſe, that it may be Night,
When as the Sauage Beaſts, that flye the Light,
(As conſcious of Mans hatred) leaue their Den,
And range abroad, ſecur'd from Sight of Men.
Then doe the Forreſts ring of Lions roaring,
That aske their meat of God, their ſtrength reſtoring;
But when the Day appeares, they backe doe flye,
And in their Dens againe doe lurking lye.
Then Man goes forth to labour in the Field,
Whereby his Grounds more rich encreaſe may yeeld.
O Lord, thy Prouidence ſufficeth all,
Thy Goodneſſe not reſtrain'd, but generall
Ouer thy Creatures, the whole Earth doth flow
With thy great Largeſſe pour'd forth here below.
Nor is it Earth alone exalts thy Name,
But Seas and ſtreame likewiſe doe ſpread the ſame.
The rowling Seas vnto the Lot doe fall,
Of Beaſts innumerable great and ſmall:
There doe the ſtately Ships plow vp the Flouds,
The greater Nauies looke like walking woods:
The Fiſhes there ſarre voyages doe make,
To diuers ſhores their Iourney they doe take:
There haſt thou ſet the great Leuiathan,
That makes the Seas to ſeeth like boyling Pan.

All these doe aske of thee their Meat to liue,
Which in due season thou to them dost giue.
Ope thou thy Hand, and then they haue good fare;
Shut thou thy Hand, and then they troubled are.
All Life, and Spirit, from thy Breath proceed,
Thy word doth all things generate and feed;
If thou withdraw'st it, then they cease to bee,
And straight returne to Dust and Vanitie:
But when thy Breath thou do'st send forth againe,
Then all things doe renew, and spring amaine;
So that the Earth but lately desolate,
Doth now returne vnto the former State.
The glorious Maiesty of God aboue,
Shall euer raigne, in Mercy, and in Loue:
God shall reioyce, all his faire workes to see,
For, as they come from him, all perfect bee.
The Earth shall quake, if ought his wrath prouoke,
Let him but touch the Mountaines, they shall smoke.
As long as Life doth last, I Hymnes will sing,
With chearefull voice, to the eternall King:
As long as I haue being, I will praise
The works of God, and all his wondrous waies.
I know that he my words will not despise;
Thanksgiuing is to him a Sacrifice.

But

But as for Sinners, they ſhall be deſtroi'd
From off the Earth, their places ſhall be void.
Let all his Works praiſe him with one accord;
Oh praiſe the Lord, my Soule; praiſe ye the Lord.

The Tranſlation of the 126. Pſalme.

WHen God return'd vs graciouſly
Vnto our Natiue Land,
We ſeem'd as in a Dreame to be
And in a Maze to ſtand.

The Heathen likewiſe they could ſay,
The God, that theſe men ſerue,
Hath done great Things for them this Day,
Their Nation to preſerue.

Tis true, God hath pour'd out his grace
On vs abundantly,
For which we yeeld him Pſalmes, and Praiſe,
And thanks, with Iubilee.

O Lord, turne our Captiuity,
As Winds that blow at South,

Doe poure the Tides with violence
Backe to the Riuers Mouth.

Who sowes in Teares, shall reape in ioy,
The Lord doth so ordaine:
So that his Seed be pure and good,
His Harueſt shall be gaine.

The Tranſlation of the 137. Pſalme.

WHen as we ſate all ſad and deſolate,
By Babylon, vpon the Riuers ſide,
Eas'd from the Taskes, which in our captiue ſtate,
We were enforced daily to abide.
Our Harps we had brought with vs to the field,
Some ſolace to our heauy Soules to yeeld.

But ſoone we found, we fail'd of our account,
For when our Mindes ſome freedome did obtaine,
Straight-waies the memory of Sion Mount,
Did cauſe afreſh our wounds to bleed againe;
So that with preſent griefs, and future feares,
Our Eyes burſt forth into a ſtreame of Teares.

As

As for our Harps, ſince Sorrow ſtrooke them dumbe,
We hang'd them on the Willow Trees were neare;
Yet did our cruell Maſters to vs come,
Asking of vs ſome Hebrew Songs to heare;
Taunting vs rather in our Miſery,
Then much delighting in our Melody.

Alas (ſaid we) who can once foree or frame,
His grieued and oppreſſed Heart to ſing,
The Prayſes of Iehouas glorious Name,
In baniſhment, vnder a forraine King?
In Sion is his Seat, and dwelling place,
Thence doth he ſhew the brightneſſe of his face.

Hieruſalem, where God his Throne hath ſet,
Shall any Power abſent thee from my minde?
Then let my right Hand quite her skill forget,
Then let my voice, and words, no paſſage finde;
Nay if I doe not thee prefer in all,
That in the compaſſe of my thoughts can fall.

Remember thou, o Lord, the cruell cry
Of Edoms Children, which did ring and ſound,

Inciting the Chaldaans Cruelty,
Downe with it, downe with it, euen vnto the ground.
In that good day, repay it vnto them,
When thou shalt visit thy Hierusalem.

And thou, o Babylon, shalt haue thy turne
By iust Reuenge, and happy shall he bee,
That thy proud Walls and Towers shall burne, raze and mast.
And as thou did'st by vs, so doe by thee.
Yea happy he, that takes thy childrens Bones,
And dasheth them against the pauement Stones.

The Translation of the 149. Psalme.

O Sing a new Song, to our God aboue,
Auoid prophane ones, 'tis for holy Quire:
Let Israel sing Songs of holy Loue
To him that made them, with their Hearts on fire:
Let Sions Sonnes lift vp their Voice, and sing
Carolls and Anthems to their Heauenly King.

Let not your voice alone his praise forth tell,
But moue withall, and praise him in the Dance;

Cymbals

Cymbals and Harps let them be tuned well,
'Tis he that doth the Poores estate aduance:
Doe this not onely on the solemne daies,
But on your secret Beds your Spirits raise.

O let the Saints beare in their Mouth his Praise,
And a two edged Sword drawne in their Hand,
Therewith for to reuenge the former Daies,
Vpon all Nations, that their Zeale withstand;
To binde their Kings in chaines of Iron strong,
And manacle their Nobles for their wrong.

Expect the time, for 'tis decreed in Heauen,
Such Honour shall vnto his Saints be giuen.

FINIS.